

PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

LETTERS FROM NICOLA SACCO

By Elizabeth Glendower Evans

This is the second article dealing with the correspondence of Sacco and Vanzetti, who have been condemned to die by the courts of Massachusetts on evidence that has been openly challenged by the press and able lawyers. The world with all its knowledge of Sacco and Vanzetti knows little of the part Elizabeth Glendower Evans has played in their defense. Ever since she became convinced of their innocence of the crime of which they were accused seven years ago she has given unsparingly of her talents and quite recklessly of her time, strength and fortune, in the hope of securing justice. Perhaps Sacco best expressed the spirit that has inspired her throughout the years of trial and delay. In the first letter he ever attempted to write in English, he said: "I will never forget THE GENEROUS HEART THAT FIGHT WITHOUT REST FOR THE LIBERTY OF HUMANITY OPPRESSED."—Editorial Note, B. C. L.



WHEN NICOLA SACCO fell into the clutches of the law, he spoke "dago" English fluently, but of writing in English he knew not one word. He has been much exhorted to study English during these long years of his imprisonment, and he has been furnished some instruction. But today his English is as illiterate as it was seven years ago. It is not the will to learn which he lacks, nor is it any lack of intelligence. It is the pall of prison that has lain upon his mind. "When I am free," he answers to all exhortations, "when I am free, I will learn English in a week! In my cell I cannot learn. I want the sunlight and the green world outside."

Nevertheless, in his letters, in spite of faulty grammar and spelling, one discerns his highly poetical nature, his warm affections, and his most loyal heart. "There never was a better fellow than Nick Sacco," said George Kelly, the superintendent of the shoe factory where he worked, "nor one with a kinder heart. He couldn't kill a chicken." While George Kelly's father, owner of the Three K Factory and of the bungalow where Sacco lived and of the plot of land which he cultivated, said of him: "A man who is in his garden at 4 o'clock in the morning, and at the factory at 7 o'clock, and in his garden again after supper and until nine and ten at night, carrying water and raising vegetables beyond his own needs which he would bring to me to give to the poor, that man is not a 'hold-up man'."

The following letter written August, 1924, is the first English letter which Sacco attempted, acknowledging the gift of some sea shells:

"If I do not write you before it was not because I did forget you, o, no! I will never forget the generous heart of mother, that fight without rest for the liberty of humanity oppressed. I received the book you send to me (the English-Italian Dictionary) and also the sea shells and you cannot imagine how glad I was to receive your beautiful sea shells."

"I received your telegram and also your post card and always thank you o, mother untiring for the liberty of that consecration and inviolable justice of the human nature."

Two months later while the hearing on the microphotographs of the markings on bullets and pistols were in process, Sacco wrote:

"You can never imagine how much it was great the joy of the recluse when I see in the court room all the noble legion of our friends and comrades, which they work hard for forty-one month for the triumph of that consecration and inviolable of the human justice and for the liberty of Sacco and Vanzetti."

"By the way, my dear mother, you believe we will have a new trial? I am told you the truth Mrs. Evans, I did like very much the way Mr. Thom and Mr. Hill they did present the new evidence, and for some moment they did

relief the soul of the sad recluse. If you happen to see Mr. Thom and Mr. Hill give for me my dear and best regard and for the splendour defence they have fairly. So I will hope they will finish this long and dolorous calvary."

"Meanwhile salute fraternally all our friends and comrades, and you dear mother of the human oppressed have one of my warm affectionate embrace from your now and for ever friend and comrade, Nicola Sacco."

Still a little later he wrote: "The solitude of this tomb it is sad and dolorous, especially when the father is far from the warm kisses of his dear children. Here I'm alive in this terrible hole! Here, where there is no life and no vegetation: but I live! And I will live for humanity and for the solidarity and for the fraternity and for gratitude to all the friends and comrades who have worked for Sacco and Vanzetti; and I will live for freedom and for justice that is the justice of all of us."

To Mrs. Cerise Jack who was giving him English lessons, he wrote:

"I remember Mrs. Jack a year ago on our love day when I bought the first lovely blue suit for my dear Rosina and that dear remembrance still remains in my heart. That was the first day nineteen twelve in Milford, Mass., the celebration day of the five martyrs of Chicago, that in the mind of the humanity oppressed never will be forget. So in morning May first nineteen-twelve I dress up with my new blue suit and I went over to see my dear Rosina and I asked her father if he won't let Rosina come with me in the city town to buy something and he said yes. So in afternoon about one o'clock both us went in city town, and we went in a big store and we bought a brown hat, a white underdress, a blue suit, one pair brown stock, one pair brown shoes, and after she was all dress up, Mrs. Jack, I wish you could see Rosina, how nice she looked, while now the sufferings of today had make her look like an old woman. But Mrs. Jack I was never ambitious to buy her diamonds and so-so, but I always bought everything that could be natural and useful."

And at about the same date he wrote to Mrs. Jessica Henderson, another of the women who have ministered to him and to his family "in calvary":

"Here I am sitting alone always, but with me, in my soul, in my heart, in my mind, are all immense legion of the noble and generous friends and comrades. Here I say I'm sitting writing to you these few lines; the sunlight it shines on my face and for a brief time it is a relief to my soul, and it brightens my mind by looking at the clear blue sky and the beautiful mother of nature."

The following letters are of recent date. On March 27, 1927, he wrote:

"We are right into the good weather of spring, and though of all this—it seems that it, the idea of my family, the tipid ray of sunshine has warming my heart, while my thought running toward those whom have been kind and loved to me through all those struggle long years passed. Therefore, this morning I could not go without sent you the gay warm affectionate greetings of spring, with hope, always today more than ever to see the end of mine—and of all persecution liberation."

"I have your always with pleasure, and I enjoyed your good news and the announce of you coming over to see me. Thus, I have been waiting and waiting like son can wait to see and hole and good old mother after her convalescence."

"Yes, I saw and I were glad to have see my companion Rossina, but the depressed of her brittle and pour soul so much that I could not describe you how badly had strike me. But her and the rest of my family can rest sure that I would not give them one day long of these cruel sufferance."

"Meanwhile, give always my best wishes to all with my most dear and hearty greetings."

On April 9, 1927, he received his death sen-

tence in the Dedham Court House. The day following the sentence he wrote:

"Just a few words to say to you, dear mother, that though of all the indignation roaring that were boil in my soul for that iniquitous sentence, I enjoyed to have see your lovely face in the court room, and I felt too jump over the cage and run toward you to embrace your noble soul."

"Then yesterday, after the enjoy they had to see us gather the sentence, they must had swallow pretty badly all the warm sympathy of all those lovely children (sympathizers who had been in the court room) that so kindly have gave to us; and wish I could give them one by one my warm hearty greeting."

"Meanwhile, if you go to see my family, kiss them for me, and tell them I think of they always. Best wishes to all with warm affectionate embrace."

Yours forever."

And on May 3rd came the following on a post card:

"It is a beautiful morning and the gay tipid ray of sunrise warming the heart of the full sad soul, while the most dearest thought running toward you and my beloved once. Best wishes to all with warmest greetings, Your affectionate, Nicola."

"P. S. Courage and be of good cheer."

Let Sacco's closing words remain with us. Whatsoever may be the outcome of the most amazing case, let us who champion him and Vanzetti be of good cheer. If they are set free, a great day will it be for human freedom. And if they are to die, they will be as it were "lifted up" to point the way toward the promised land.

Exponent of Truth Still Needed

LA FOLLETTE'S puts out today as ever the most effective exponent of political and economic fundamental truths and expose of human greed and exploitation on earth. A phalanx of such papers placed under the eye of the people would awaken them to conditions, cause a peaceful revolution so badly needed and put to shame the dastardly sheets that now betray their trust and act as mouthpieces for the hosts predation, thus acting as a curse and menace to the public that supports them, instead of filling their legitimate role of educators for the masses in truths and fundamental principles in human public affairs. Long life to your truly American journal established and made famous by that one of the greatest of Americans, Robert M. La Follette, and his splendid assistants.

CHARLES H. V.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Bees on Exhibit

ONE of the most interesting of the present exhibits in the Arts and Industries building of the United States National Museum is a glass hive of bees, kept in a glass case with a special opening which leads through a passageway to the outside of the building. Each day the bees fly away to perform their ordinary duties, but all activities within the hive are open to the observation of museum visitors. More than 300,000 will view the exhibit this year.

Proper ventilating devices insure the bees adequate air. The hive is the standard ten-frame, two-story affair, universally used by beekeepers. The exhibit is expected to prove instructive to the laymen who know little or nothing about the intricate life habits of our money producers. Beekeeping has become a science, in many ways as complicated as any of our food producing industries, and it is fitting and proper that we should know something about it.